

and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This must be done i'th woods,

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning sees so: where he himselfe will edifie the Duke most parlously in our behalfe: hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearse by any meanes, before The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

*Arc.* By your leaves honest friends: pray you whither got you.

4. Whither? why, what a question's that?

*Arc.* Yes, tis a question, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

*Arc.* Not farre Sir,

Are there such *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And such as you neuer saw; The Duke himselfe Will be in person there.

*Arc.* What pastimes are they?

2. Wrestling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

*Arc.* Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir

Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde misgives me

This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip,  
Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though

If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,

He wrestle? he rost eggs, Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

*Arc.*

*Arc.* This is an offerd opportunity I durst not wish for. Well, I could The best men call'd it excellent, and r Swifter, then winde upon a feild of C (Curling the wealthy eares) never fl And in some poore disguise he there Whether my browes may not be gi And happines preferre me to a place Where I may ever dwell in sight of h

*Scena 4. Enter Iailors D*

*Daugh.* Why should I love this He never will affect me; I am base, My Father the meane Keeper of his And he a prince; To marry him is he To be his whore, is wiles; Out u What pushes are we wenches drive When fifteene Once has found us? I I (seeing) thought he was a goodly He has as much to please a woman (If he please to bestow it so) as ever These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I p And so would any young wench o' That ever dream'd, or vow'd her M To a yong handsome Man; Then I l (Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lo And yet he had a Cosen, faire as he But in my heart was *Palamon*, and Lord, what a coyle he keeps? To Sing in an evening, what a heaven And yet his Songs are sad-ones; I Was never Gentleman. When I co To bring him water in a morning, He bowes his noble body, then salu Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow Get thee a happy husband; Once h I lov'd my lips the better ten daie Would he would doe so ev'ry day And me as much to see his masy